THE

WESTERN WONDER:

OR,

O Brazeel,

AN

INCHANTED ISLAND discovered; with a Relation of *Two Ship-wracks* in a dreadful *Sea-storm* in that discovery.

To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION of a Place,

CALLED,

Montecapernia,

RELATING

The NATURE of the PEOPLE, their QUALITIES, HUMOURS, FASHIONS, RELIGION, &c.

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LONDON,

Printed for N. C. M. DC. LXXIV.

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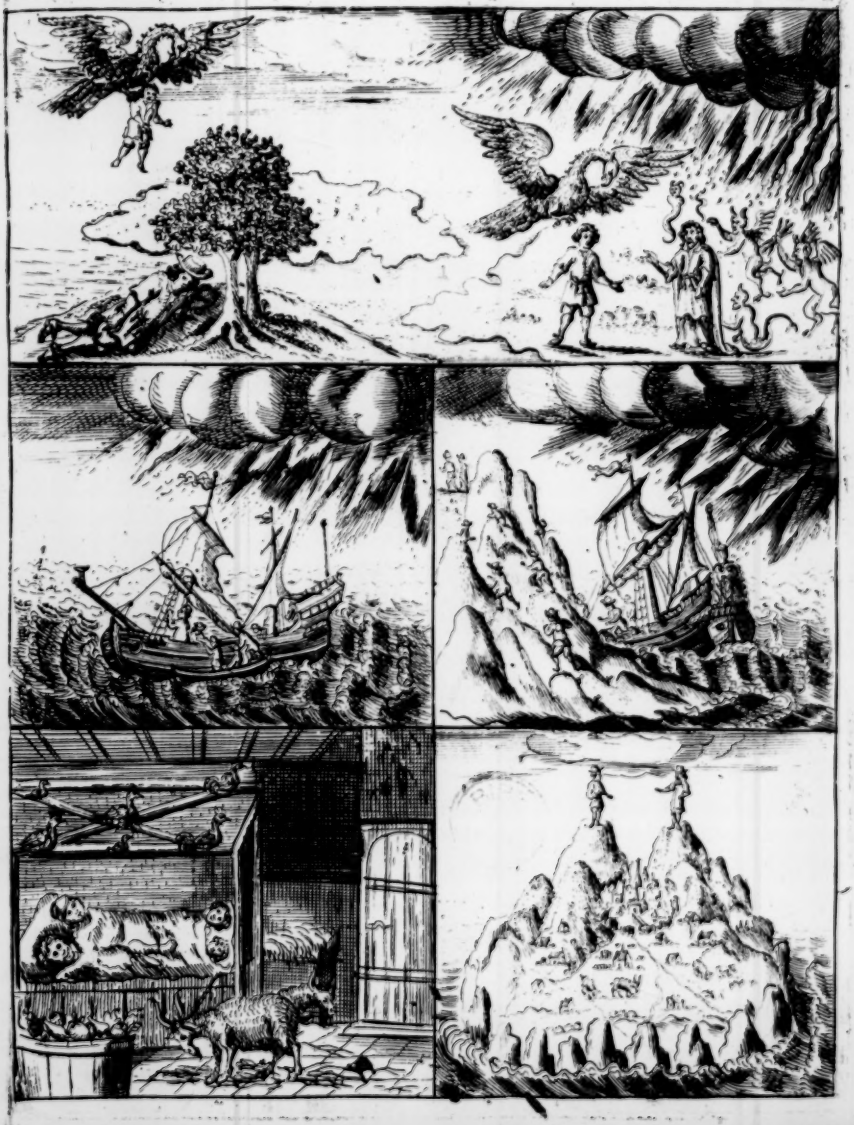

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O Brazeel:

OR,

The INCHANTED ISLAND.

NEW Diſcoveries of late, are as much admired as Miracles of old, and as difficultly believed, notwithſtanding the variety of apparent proofs which demonſtrate their undoubted Verity; and without queſtion this Incredulity proceeds from no other cauſe, than the abuſe of Belief, occaſioned by ſuch monſtrous Fictions as the *Iſle of Pines*, *A New World in the Moon*, with the like Lunatick Stories, by which the credulous World hath been miſguided into a Faith wholly prepoſterouſly erroneous and ridiculous.

That our preſent Diſcourſe of this New Diſcovery of *O Brazeel*, may not be ſuſpected of the like lying Reports, it will be requiſite to inquire whether there was, firſt, ever any ſuch place? and next, whether yet it hath a being?

That there was an Iſland called *O Brazeel*, I need not bring any other proofs or demonſtrations to confirm that Opinion, than your own obſervations out of *Strabo*, and other ancient *Geographers*, in whoſe Maps you may find both the Iſland, its name, and ſcituation; yet of late years it hath not been ſeen, for which cauſe, ſome imagine that being but a ſmall tract of Land, it is either ſwallow'd up by the Sea, or that the Iſland is Inchanted. We have greater Reaſons to believe the latter, if we conſider the various Reports have been ſpread abroad of late by ſuch Sea-men, who by their ſeveral *Affidavits* have avouched they have ſeen this Iſland, but could not reach it, by all the skill they had in *Navigation*. And that which moſt induced them to believe this muſt be that Iſle ſo much talked of for its *Inchantment*, was, That it appeared in that part of the Ocean where they never ſaw Land before, and over which they frequently have Sail'd.

I could inſtance ſeveral Reports of *Fiſhermen*, who at ſeveral times have ſeen it, but that I fear thoſe Relations will be look'd on as the *Chimæra's* of a *junior Quixot*, or fooliſh Fictions, undeſerving the Regiſtry of a ſerious and judicious memory, ſince they ſeem to give *Tom Coriat* the Lye, and run away with the Whetſtone from our famous Knightly *Mandevil*.

However I cannot let paſs what I heard from ſeveral of theſe Diſcoverers, who told me, they ſaw this Iſland (no blue Cloud, as I would have perſuaded

ded them to believe, but a long tract of firm Land) whereupon they bore up to it; yet notwithstanding they made all the Sail they could, in Ten hours Sail they seem'd to be farther from it, than when first it appeared to their view.

Another told me that he saw it, and thereupon made up to it (hoping to be greater than ever that great Usurper *Trinkelo*, or at least be Vice-Roy of this *Inchanted Island*.) The Sky was serene, the Sea smooth, and hardly a breeze of wind stirring, when he made this attempt, and therefore was extremely troubled he could make no better way. Whil'st he was thus perplexing himself, the *Island* seem'd to float unto him with such celerity, that in a little time he could discover Rocks, Trees, and men of a prodigious stature, who as they mov'd, look'd like walking Oaks, whose shaggy bushy hair outvy'd the spreading of their leav'd branchy tops; and the waving of their hands, resembled much the turning of our Wind-mills Sails. On the shore, he saw infinite numbers of seeming Beasts of several shapes, and all so dreadful and horrid to look on, that he could endure the sight no longer; wherefore tacking, he stood away in such distraction, that he scarcely knew what he did: and that which contributed thereunto as much as his fear, he was immediately encompassed with a Mist so thick, he could not see his hand before him; yet could he see on the sides of the Vessel, the Masts and Yards, innumerable small lights, which shifted their stations, and interchanged

one

one with another, at length they all incorporated together, whence proceeded a great and unusual flash of Lightning, attended with dreadful claps of Thunder; after which, the Air grew clear, and serene again, but could not discover the least mark of what he had seen before.

A Third gave me this Account of the *Island*: That being one day abroad a fishing, he discovered Land where he never saw any before; and resolving to run the same hazard his Brethren had done before, he made up to it: coming within Musket-shot, as he imagin'd, he was saluted with such a Broadside of Thunder, seconded with Lightning, and such a tumbling Sea, that had he not made all the Sail he could homeward, he had undoubtedly slept in *David Jones* his Locker. In his return, he found the Needle of his Compass useless, whereupon he try'd another, and found that the like; and therefore it was needless to apply himself to either.

The last Report I shall give you, is thus: A Vessel being bound for the Westward, and coming under the same Latitude where this *Inchanted Island* is said to be scituate, she was suddenly surprized, and involved in a Mist, yet stood under a very stiff gale; whereupon she endeavour'd to lie by, but could not, for she would not answer to her Helm. Whilst the men were chasing and cursing, one instantly cryed out, *Land! Land! Helm-a-lee, for the love of God.* The Master being alarm'd at this dreadful noise, look'd out, and saw huge high Rocks just upon

on his very Bowe; whereupon crying out ſuddenly to Heaven for mercy, thoſe Rocks and Land adjoyning immediately, ſeem'd to drop a Curtſie under water, and the Maſter thought the Veſſel ſail'd clear over them. Theſe ſtrange and ſeeming incredible Reports, made me very inquiſitive after the truth thereof; and in all my inquiries I found the Relations of others ſo agreeable to the former, that they only differ'd in ſome few circumſtances: from them all I gather'd what was moſt probable, and made a report thereof to ſome ingenious men of my acquaintance, who at firſt ſmiled at my fond Credulity, and blamed my over-forward faith in believing a company of iguorant Fellows, who had neither reaſon, nor ſenſe enough to diſtinguiſh a blue Cloud from Land, which afar off looketh of the ſame complexion by reaſon of its diſtance; and endeavoured to jeer me out of my opinion, by telling me it was as ridiculous as to think there are multiplicity of Worlds, or that one wherein we live, had its matter and form from a confuſed conflux of Atoms; however, I could not be diſpoſſeſt of my perſuaſion, but perſiſted therein, till I was farther confirmed by a Dream, wherein I thought I had a view of the whole Iſle, and its Inhabitants; and thus it was:

My brain not any wayes diſturb'd by Fumes proceeding from an over-running Cup, which are cauſes of phantaſtick Dreams, I fell aſleep in a Summers after-

afternoon, and dream'd I saw an Eagle unnaturally great, soaring in the Air; whilst I was wondring at his greatness, he immediately stoopt, and took me up within his tallons, and flew away with me with incredible celerity over Mountains and Vallies, and at length brought me to the Sea-side: where having rested a little while, he took me up again, and carried me to an Island; and having set me down, vanisht.

I was strangely amaz'd hereat, not knowing what to do, till at length a person of a lovely presence, with an Angelical countenance, appear'd to me, advising me to be of good courage, and follow him; which I did accordingly; but in our way we were obstructed by millions of Devils, and horrid Spectrums, whose shapes and forms were so afrightful, that had it not been for my Guide, I should not have been able to have stirred a foot forward; but by his encouragement I went on, and saw other very strange apparitions, such as would have startled the most undaunted he that wears a head. My Guide having dissipated these, as well as the former, brought me at last unto a place which for soil and temperature of Air might vye with any place in Christendom; here I gave my greedy eyes full liberty to feast on all the delicates Nature is capable to produce, which are too many here to numerate. The verdant Fields, and pleasant Groves, were not to be parallel'd; but no sign where any Corn was sown: whatever grew, came up spontaneously, without the labour of the hands. I won-

wondred that I saw no Houses, nor People to inhabit them in such a Paradise as this: whilst my eyes were busily inquiring into the excellency of such objects as presented themselves to my view, I saw Men, Women and Children ascend out of the bowels of the earth (as I thought) who were all naked, very white, and well-featur'd, who all fell down, and seem'd to worship a deformed ill-shapen thing, which I judged was the Devil; hereupon I ask't my Guide the meaning hereof, who with an austere countenance told me, That the Ille was under the power of the Prince of the Air, and had been so for many years; but the time is near at hand it shall be so no longer. *The words were no sooner spoken, but there followed such loud peals of Thunder, as if the foundation of the earth had been torn asunder, accompanied with such Lightning seemingly to me, as if the element of Fire had been placed in the lower Region: these horrours were accompanied with such dismal sounds, that nothing else could better represent an infernal consort: this continued but a very little, and then the Horizon grew as splendent as before, without the least disturbance. Whilst I was in my greatest amazement, not knowing what to think or do, my Guide vanish't, and the former Eagle took me up in his tallons, and carried me the same way back again; and having brought me to my habitation, left me, and then I awak't.*

Then did I ponder with my ſelf what this Dream ſhould ſignifie: after various conſiderations, I concluded this muſt be *O Brazeel*, and that I was the man muſt be its happy Diſcoverer. There wanted not Arguments to flatter my ſelf into this opinion; and being over-joy'd, I inſtantly ran to a Friend to tell him my Dream, and how well it ſuited with the former Reports concerning this *Inchanted Iſland*: this man did preſently put great confidence in my Dream, and readily conſented not only to be aſſiſtant in this new diſcovery, but likewiſe to go himſelf in perſon, having at that time a Veſſel of his own of about Thirty Tuns ready fitted.

No man could be fitter for this purpoſe than he and I: for we were both ſo *indebted* to the place wherein we were, that we only wanted a wind to Sell the Countrey. Having concluded on the deſign, we made no delayes, but getting Seamen aboard befitting our purpoſe, on *October* the *9th*, 1672. we ſet Sail, bearing our courſe due Weſt, ſometimes Weſt and by South, and ſometimes Weſt-North-Weſt, each traverſe not exceeding Fifteen Leagues in Longitude. We thus continued doing about ſeven dayes: on the eighth day in the morning, we eſpyed a blue Cloud at Weſt-South-Weſt; the ſight hereof overjoy'd only the Maſter, and my ſelf (for there was none of the Seamen privy to our deſign;) and that we might the ſooner enjoy the fruits of our longing expectations, we made all the Sail we could up to it: the nearer our approach, the

blacker

blacker it grew; and having Sail'd towards it about half a watch, it vaniſht in an extraordinary flaſh of Lightning.

Being troubled to be thus diſappointed, we alter'd our courſe, and ſtood away to the Northward till the next Morning, lying by all the Night. In the Morning we tackt, and ſtood to the Southward, and towards the Evening we had ſight of it again, and in the Morning we ſeem'd to be very near it, and, as we thought, ſaw Ships riding at Anchor.

Now did we verily believe this muſt be *O Brazeel*; and whil'ſt the Maſter and I were contending who ſhould be the *Vice-Roy*, or have moſt power and authority therein, the Wind roſe high, and the Sea began to skud againſt it, the Sky was overcaſt, and the Elements ſeemed to contend which ſhould perform firſt the part of a mercileſs Executioner.

Certainly *Neptune* at this time wanted ſome paſtime, and was reſolved to play at *Tennis*, bandying us to and fro like Balls, making uſe of his Billows for his Rackets. Thus were we toſt up and down two Dayes and Nights at leaſt; which ſo diſcompoſed my Body (being unaccuſtomed to ſuch labour, and continual watching) that I was forced to go into my Cabin; and though I was ſenſible of imminent danger, yet my wearied body could no longer hold out. Juſt as I was rockt into a ſlumber, in came the Maſter with more ſpeed than ordinary, being quickned (as any might imagine by his countenance) with the ſenſe and apprehenſion of ſome

ſudden enſuing danger; had he gone about to conceal his fears, he could not have done it, they were written ſo legible in his face in the characters of horrour and amazement: which made me ask him, *Whether all was well?* he tremblingly, yet churliſhly told me, *I might ſleep on, for 'twas like to be my laſt.* With that I leapt out, and coming on the Deck, I ſaw a Fellow at his prayers, who never ſaid them, but when he thought he ſhould as certainly dye, as be drunk when he came aſhore: never did frightful Ghoſt ſtartle poor timerous Mortals more, than the devout poſture of that Fellow did me, knowing it an infallible ſymptom or forerunner of immediate ruine and deſtruction. In this diſmal and fatal Exigency, I could hardly forbear ſmiling, (though ſince I have condemn'd my Vanity in that condition) to ſee a Fellow wringing of his hands, who had a Noſe ſome dayes before as red as any blood; which blood was now ſo chill'd and congeal'd by fear, that it lookt like the end of a half-boil'd Black-pudding.

But to be ſerious, I made a diligent inquiry what ſhould be the cauſe of their diſorder'd and diſtracted looks? I was anſwer'd by a File of Deaths-heads, That our Veſſel had ſprung a Leak, and that there was no hope of ſafety. You may imagine what a ſtrange *Metamorphoſis* theſe deadly words made in my face; however, I preſently beſtir'd my ſelf, and thought it requiſite to uſe a helping hand, as well as a tongue, to cry *God help.* By my example, the reſt

fell

fell to work, who were buſie in doing nothing, and knew nothing what they did. I deſired the Maſter to go down into the Hold, to find out the Leak our Ship had ſprung; who inſtantly return'd, and told me, That the Leak was both inſcrutable, and incurable; for the water flow'd in ſo faſt, that we muſt now number our dayes by one ſingle minute. I never heard a Deaths-head ſpeak before; and the Truth of it is, he lookt much more like Death himſelf, than his Meſſenger: had he ſaid not a word, we might have read our ruine in his countenance.

There was now nothing more to be done, than to hoiſt our Boat over-board; which was as ſoon done, as commanded, and every one ſtrove who ſhould leap into it firſt; I was the ſecond, and having taken in four more, we put off from the Ship-ſide, fearing leſt the ſinking Ship ſhould draw us in after it.

Now did we Rowe we knew not whither, in a Sea which ſeldom wears a ſmooth brow in Autumn, which at this time contending with the Wind, ſwell'd into prodigious Mountains, which threatned every moment to be our Monuments.

And that which aggravated our Miſery, we had no ſight of Land in an open Boat, no Compaſs to guide, no Proviſion to ſuſtain us; and the Night growing on upon us, nothing could preſerve us, but a Miracle: and though

though the waves carried us up to Heaven, yet there was no ground for our hope or belief, that God ſhould put his hand out of a Cloud, and take us miſerable Mortals to himſelf from the top of a ſurging wave; neither could we expect to meet any ſhip: for though many ſhips come from the ſame place, and bound for the ſame Haven, yet they ſeldom meet in the vaſt Ocean, and Sail in the ſame Line; there are no beaten paths in the floods, no High-wayes and common Roads in the Sea.

Yet ſuch was our good fortune, that we eſpied a Sail making towards us, and we what we could towards it; but having but two Oars, we were not able to break the waves, and therefore made but little way.

And now Deſpair ſeized us again; for notwithſtanding all our endeavours, we could not reach this Veſſel, nor the Veſſel us: and now indeed I could not forbear ſhedding tears, although I had no need of more ſalt water.

This our pregnant hopes brought forth nothing but wind and water; and we that before, at the ſight of this ſhip, flatter'd our ſelves with the aſſurance of ſafety, were now as much confounded with a certainty of periſhing. For my part, I judg'd it a leſs affliction to have had no hopes at all of a deliverance, than preſently to fall from it. Queſtionleſs it did redouble the puniſhment of *Tantalus*, to kiſs thoſe Apples with his lips, which he muſt not taſte with his tongue.

But

But again we entertained freſh hopes: for in this our black and diſmal Night, we eſpied a light, which preſently we Row'd to with all might and main; the ſhip ſtanding towards us with more wind than her Sails could well bear, came up quickly with us: we crying all out, She hung on the Lee, and we came aboard of her; we were entertained civilly by the Maſter of the Veſſel, and his men, whom we underſtood by an *Engliſh man* on board, were *Walliſians*, and were bound for *Montecapernia*.

Notwithſtanding we eſcaped ſo miraculouſly, and had ſuch good entertainment from Strangers (when all hopes were loſt) yet our dejected countenances ſufficiently declared the diſcontent of our minds, and deſiring to be comforted as *Job* was after our loſſes, with twice as much as we had before.

The next Morning the wind ſomewhat ſlackned, and the Sea was leſs turbulent; but towards Night, it blew freſher than it did from the time of our Shipwrack.

The day being ſhut in, and the Maſter knowing he was not far from Land, was at his wits ends, being none of the beſt Seaman; and whil'ſt I was reading his fears in the confuſion of his countenance, and thinking to adviſe him for the beſt, the Ship ſtruck againſt a clefted Rock ſo violently, that there ſhe ſtuck, till we had all the opportunity of leaping out; but by reaſon of the darkneſs of the Night, the Maſter knew not where he was.

With

With longing expectation to ſee the Morning-ſtar draw the Curtain of the Night, we roved to and fro, and found ſtill firm footing on a ſpacious Rock; but as yet we had not light enough to diſcover us firſt to our ſelves (being as yet in the dark) as ignorant of our ſelves, as deplorable condition.

Never did Night ſeem longer to any Mortal, than this to me; for beſides that I was thinly clad, having caſt off my Coat, intending to ſwim, and had not leiſure to put it on again, thinking it better to leave that behind, than my ſelf; I ſay, I had loſt my ſhooes: ſo that though I was often up to the calf of the Legs (as I rambled up and down in the dark) yet I could not ſay I was over ſhooes.

And now the long-expected morning drew near, and we fain would have ſeen before we could. In that twilight, every black Cloud we diſcern'd, we flattered our ſelves was ſome Town, or Village; but when the Sun aroſe, we found our ſelves on a Rock, which was an Iſland when our Ship ſplit upon it; but the Sea ebbing, left us a dry paſſage to the ſhore, which was about Musket-ſhot diſtant.

The Tide coming in, made us haſten to the Land, which was ſo fortified by Nature with ſuch high and almoſt-inacceſſible Rocks, that in our aſcending them, we were in as great danger of breaking our Necks, as before of drowning; but at length, with much difficulty we got to the top, and then the Maſter knew where he was, in his own Countrey,

viz.

viz. Montecapernia; notwithſtanding his former loſs, he was ſo over-joy'd that he knew where he was, that he leap't, and danc't: and for my part, I thought he would have skip't out of his Breeches; and that he might eaſily do, having a hundred ways for his paſſage.

And now before I come to give you an account of our entertainment in this place, with a deſcription thereof, and a character of the people; give me leave to give you an account of our Shipwrack in ſome few meaſured lines.

A great *Sea-ſtorm* deſcribed, which hapned in the diſcovery of *O Brazeel*, commonly called the *Inchanted Iſland.*

NOthing but Air *and* Water *is in ſight,*
And each 'gainſt t'other did its force unite.
The bluſtring Winds let looſe did raging fly,
And made the Water *ſeem to ſcale the* Sky.
Much like to Libertines *let looſe, will know*
No Law to guide them, but aſtray will go.

The Sea, *to ſwell her teeming Womb, brings forth*
Wave *after* Wave, *and each of greater Birth:*
Waves *grow to* Surges, Surges Billows *turn;*
The Ocean *is all* Tympany; *the* Urn
Of Water *is a* Brimmer; Neptune *drinks*
So full a Cup, it overflows the brinks:
Inſulting Waves, *how durſt ye proudly daſh*
At Heav'n, *as though its cloudy face you'd waſh!*
What is the lower Water *fully bent*
To mix with that above the Firmament?
Or by Invaſion *does it go about*
To put the Element of Fire *quite out?*

The

The Sea *roll'd up in* Mountains : *O! 'tis such,*
That Penmen-maur's *a Wart, if't be so much.*
Which fall again into such hollow Vales,
I thought I'd crost the Sea *by* Land *o're* Wales.
And then to add confusion to the Seas,
The Sailers speak such Babel *words as these:*
Hale in Main-Bowlin, Mizen Tack-aboard;
A Language *like a* Storm *to be abhor'd.*
I know not which was loudest, their rude Tongues,
Or the big Winds with their whole Cards of Lungs.
So hideous was the noise, that one might well
Fancy himself to be with Souls in Hell,
But that the Torments differ; those Souls are
Punisht with Fire, *but these with* Water *here.*

Our Helm, *that should our* floating Castle *sway,*
We lasht it up, lest it should run away.
Our Ship now under Water seems to Sail,
Like a Toast drown'd within a Tub of Ale.
Our tatter'd Sails did all hang down in pieces,
Like hedge that's hung with Rags, and Beggars fleeces.
Our Tackling crack't, as if it had been made
To assist the Fidlers, *not the* Boat-swains *Trade.*

We pumpt our Ship, but to as little end,
As to repent, yet never to amend:
For all the Water we pumpt out with pain,
The Sea *with scorn returns, and more again.*

The Guns *on board, design'd for our defence,*
Heav'n *thundred so, it almost scar'd them thence.*
And yet to Heav'n *for this give thanks we may,*
But for its Lightning *we had had no* day.

Drinking Salt-water now the Clouds grew sick,
And spew'd it down upon our heads so thick,
That 'twixt the low, and upper Seas that fell,
The Ship *a* Vessel *seem'd, and we* Mackrell
Pickl'd in Brine, and in our Cabins lie,
Souc't up therein for Immortality.

The fear of being drowned, made us wish
Our selves transpeciated into Fish.
Indeed this fear did so possess each one,
All look't like Shotten-Herring, *or* Poor-John.
Nay, of our saving there was so much doubt,
The Pilots *faith began to* tack *about;*
And had he perisht in this doubtful Fit,
His Conscience sure with the same Ship had split;
For which way into Heav'n his Soul could steer,
Star-board *or* Lar-board, *that still cryes* No neer?
But we were in great danger, you will say,
If Seamen once begin to kneel, and pray.
What Holy Church *ne're could, the* Seas *have done,*
Made Seamen buckle to devotion;
And force from them their Litany, *whilst thus*
They whimper out, Good Lord, deliver us:
So I pray too, Good Lord, deliver me
Henceforth from being taught to pray at Sea.

This

This *Walliſian* Skipper (who had ſo much compaſſion as to take us into his Veſſel) had ſo much good nature to conduct us to a Houſe he knew, which was the Parſon's of a neighbouring Village, by whom we were welcomed. Having dryed, and refreſhed our ſelves, we fell into ſome diſcourſe with Mr. Parſon, and his Wife; and though they ſpake but little *Engliſh*, yet they indifferently underſtood the ſad Iliads of our misfortunes, which they expreſt by their tears, weeping bitterly at our relation, ſo that one would have thought they had ſuffered Shipwrack, and not we. What meat they had, they did ſet before us; and we fell to it ſo heartily, as if we would have repaired all we loſt before by our long faſting, at one meal.

Their Bread was broad Oat-cakes baked on a flat ſtone, made of ſtuff much like that which the *Welſh* call *Haver-meal*; but their Beer is very ſtrong, which they brew on purpoſe, as I imagine, to verifie the Proverb, *Good Drink, is Meat, Drink, and Cloth:* for in the coldeſt ſeaſon they will go bare-foot, and be clad very thin; but they will be ſure to keep their underſtandings warm, and line their inſides well with their potent Liquor.

The next day, the Parſon to expreſs his kindneſs in a more liberal manner, deſired us all to Dine with him: we had but one Diſh for entertainment, and that ſo cram'd with ſuch variety of Gods Creatures, that this Diſh ſeem'd to me to be the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*; there was Beef,

Beef, Mutton, Goats, and Kids-flesh, Bacon, Roots, &c. and all so confounded, that the best palate could not read what he did eat, nor by his taste know and distinguish the several sorts of Creatures: though I was hungry enough, I did not like their thus working meat into a new Chaos, and saucing the Creators creatures out of the knowledge of Mankind. But when I understood that this hodge-podge proceeded more from Custom, than Curiosity; and that this was one point of their good husbandry, to boyle all together to save charges, my former Censure was somewhat mitigated.

The Parson took so great a liking to me, that he would not be denied, but that I should stay with him one Month; to which, with much intreaty, I consented: the rest of the company took such courses as were most convenient for their present condition. In this time he brought me acquainted with many Gentlemen of this Countrey, one whereof so prevailed with me, as to live with him two years; in which time, I took these true ensuing observations of the Countrey: if they are not so large and full as expected, let my small stay in that place make my Apology.

The

The DESCRIPTION of Montecapernia,

WITH THE

Natures of the People, their Qualities, Humours, Modes, Faſhions, and Religion.

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Montes Caprorum, Mountains of Goats; and ſo it may properly have that appellation, ſince there are few Countries afford greater plenty of them; whoſe nature is ſuch, they will climb cragged and almoſt inacceſſible high Mountains, and dangerous Precipices, with as much facility as a Squirrel ſhall a Tree.

Montecapernia to the Southward, is a Countrey inricht with Natures chiefeſt Treaſures; the fruitfulneſs of whoſe Soil may vye with moſt places of the Univerſe.

Their Hills for height are dreadful to the eye; and although they ſeem almoſt inacceſſible, yet are very profitable to the Inhabitants, not only as to the Mines of Coals, Lead, and Silver, contain'd within the bowels of theſe Mountains, but alſo to the good Common they afford to vaſt numbers of Sheep, which are but ſmall, yet very ſweet Mutton, whoſe fleece employs many hands in that Countrey; which plentifully ſupplies many more near adjacent, with good ſerviceable Cloth, Frize, Flannel, *&c.*

Neither is the Northward of this Countrey ſo barren, but that the Land produceth what is neceſſary for the ſuſtenance, profit, and pleaſure of the Inhabitants. Their Beaſts in general are but ſmall, yet ſuch (as are for food) much more indulge the palate, than any fleſh in other parts; what are for labour, are very ſerviceable, being full of mettle, exceeding hardy, and will carry Burdens, the greatneſs

greatneſs whereof would ſtartle any mans belief.

The Countrey is water'd by many excellent Rivers and Rivulets, which are furniſhed with great numbers of variety of Fiſh; one ſort whereof I took ſpecial notice of, having never ſeen the like before; the Natives call it a *Mort*, they are of all ſizes, ſpeckled with red ſpots on the ſide, ſome whereof are as big as a *Salmon*, and eat exactly like it.

Their Seas round about ſupply them with all manner of Shell-fiſh, and other ſorts, the choiceſt which ever came to *Neptunes* Table; which they convey to other Countries circumjacent, and thereby make a very great advantage.

Their Marſhes and Rivers (of which they have plenty) are viſited by multitudes of Wild-fowl in the Winter-ſeaſon; their Hills are ſtor'd with Woodcock, Grouſt, Heath-cock, *&c.* Nor are they a little ſtored with Red-deer, Hares, and Rabbits.

Fiſh and Fleſh of all ſorts are ſold cheaper than can be imagin'd; as a Quarter of Mutton for Eight pence, an Ell-long Salmon for Ten pence, a Pullet for a Groat, and in ſome places (according to the ſeaſon) Twenty Eggs a penny. I know not whether this cheapneſs may ariſe from the plenty of the aforeſaid proviſion, or the ſcarcity of money.

The People in general are great admirers of their Pedigree, and have got their Genealogy ſo exactly by heart, that though it be two hours work for them to repeat the names only from whence they are deſcended lineally, yet will they not omit one word in half a dozen ſeveral Repetitions; from whence I gather, they ſay them inſtead of their *Pater noſter*, or their Evening and their Morning Prayers.

The Gentry (for the moſt part) are extracted from very ancient Families, who are adored by the Commonalty; and to give them their due, are good natur'd Gentlemen, exceeding free, and courteous to ſtrangers, and extraordinary generous in their entertainments; inſomuch that I have ſeen in a Gentlemans houſe of indifferent eſtate, at a moderate Treat, Twenty Diſhes, many of them trebly jointed, to recompence the ſmallneſs of the meat.

Their want of Wine is ſupply'd by moſt incomparable Beer and Ale, which runs as free as Water on a viſit; and if you do not drink as freely, they think they have not made you welcome; ſo that a man knows not how to take leave, till he is unable to ſtir a foot.

They are very courteous in their Speech, and noble in their Carriage, firm (where they take) and conſtant in their Reſolutions, ſplendid in their publick Ceremonies (of Shrievalry, and the like) couragious, ſtout, and great lovers of their Prince and Countrey;

Countrey; honourable in their Inclinations, and reſolute in their Enterprizes. In ſhort, they are generally accompliſht in moſt reſpects, and greatly given to that they call Hoſpitality.

As I have thus Characteriz'd the good, ſo take the bad with it, according to my obſervation, during my abode in this Countrey: the pureſt Wheat will have its Chaff, and there is no Wine but hath ſome Lees.

Travelling into ſome places of no mean extent, I thought my ſelf to be at the Fag-end, or A---of the World; the Land being ſo exceeding barren, and deſtitute of Wood, that for Ten or Twenty miles together (croſs the Countrey) you could not ſee a Buſh to tye your Horſe to, till you have untruſt a point; and therefore you muſt either bridle your mouth to ſtay your Horſe, or truſt to the tame nature, and good conditions of the Beaſt; who if he be inclin'd to cool his mouth with a tuft of graſs, he may ſooner find it in a Feather-bed; but if the quickneſs of the Air hath given him an appetite to eat, and a Stomack to digeſt Heath, Moſs, and ſcragged Stones, he cannot want Proviſion.

The People in theſe barren places have ſo little converſe with Travellers, and the paths are ſo untrodden, that a man muſt aim at the way by gueſs, or carry a Compaſs with him: and yet he may eaſily miſtake the moſt noted Road; which if he do, he had need have recourſe to his devotion for his

miraculous deliverance from riding Twenty-four hours, and never the nearer his Journies end; nay, it may be not ſix Miles diſtant from whence he ſtray'd, and in all his Travels ſee nothing but a flock of Geeſe, ſome ſcattered Sheep, half a dozen ragged Colts, and now and then a few Crows flying over his head, unleſs by chance under the ſide of ſome Hill (if near a common Road) he diſcovers a Smoke, which if he make towards (and happily eſcape a Bogg (of which the Hills afford great plenty, and very dangerous too) yet will it be difficult to diſcern the ſtately Manſion whence the Smoke aroſe, till his Horſes feet be very near the roof; ſuch is the Natives care in ſheltring themſelves within the Walls of Nature: And upon this account, I have heard ſeveral of them brag of the ſtrength and ſtrange ſcituation of their Towns, one whereof I had deſcribed to me, which engaged my Curioſity to ſee it; whence I took this obſervation.

It is ſcituated in a little Vale, encompaſſed round with Walls, which are a Mile thick, and more; the entrance into the Town is under water, and the Steeple belonging to the Town, grows every year.

This place lies to the Norward of *Montecapernia*; and though it be contemptible for its buildings, yet is often made the place for the General Aſſize of that County, where the Juſtices of *Oyer* and *Terminer* ſit: where note, that this Countrey is governed

governed by as wholesom Laws as any other Countrey. Now to unriddle the aforesaid description, the Town is built in a Hole, encompassed with very great and high Hills, which meet in their tops almost at the entrance into Town, by which means there is a Trough made over the passage from one Hill to the other, for a conveyance of a watry Brook, which otherwise would annoy the passage into Town: under this Trough the People travel, which is their going under water into Town: as for the Steeple, they have none, but the Bell hangs in an Yew-Tree in the Church-yard; and there lies the quibble, that the Steeple grows every year.

They boast of other strange things they have in their Countrey, namely, a great Green Bridge two or three Miles in length, on which (like that under which the River *Anus* runs in *Spain*) they can feed Two or three hundred Head of Cattle. It seems there is a River in this Countrey that runs some Miles under-ground, and disimbogues it self into the Sea; the Inhabitants report, if a Goose should be put into this River, and she swim through this earthen Bridge, she will come out with never a feather on her back; the cause to me is occult and hidden.

There is another place far within the Land, through which, at high-water, the Sea will dash up a considerable height, with a noise both horrible and hideous; this is occasioned by the concav'd Earth, giving an inlet to the Sea.

They

They talk of a Well also they have, in which there is Thirty steps to descend into it; in the stony side whereof, there is the exact impression of a man, which they say was Christ (by which you may gather the *Montecapernians* have heard of our Saviour:) this impression was occasioned, as they say, when our Saviour descending this Well to drink, he lean'd against the Wall, which was so tender-natur'd as to yield to his sides and limbs, lest its hardness should hurt any of them.

Though these things may seem incredible, yet I can assure this, that they will talk to one another above Two miles distant; that is, one shall stand on the top of one high Hill, and the other upon the other: And though their tops are near, yet in the descending of one, and ascending the other Hill, reckoning the interval between, and it will not amount to less than two Miles: this they will brag of too; and to shew their wit, will tell you pretty stories; as for example, that two Fathers, and two Sons, kill'd three Hares, and each carried home one, and no more; that is, there was Grandfather, Father and Son: And to amuse you, will tell you, that one of their Countreymen caught a *Fox*, a *Salmon*, and a *Pheasant* at one draught in a Net; that is, the Net was laid for the *Pheasant*, in a small Wood near the Sea-side, where was a Wyer in which was a *Salmon*, which the *Fox* getting, ran with it into the Wood, and so into the Net, just as he was drawing for the *Pheasant*, and so caught them all three.

The

The *Montecapernian* Cots are generally built on the ſide of a Hill, not to be diſcerned till you juſt come upon them. The Cottage is uſually raiſed Three foot from the Eves to the ground on the one ſide, and the other ſide hath a Rock for a Wall to ſave charges, in regard carriage is dear, and money but ſcarce, eſpecially to ſuch, who never ſee it but once in Seven years, when out of pure devotion they go to the next Market-Town in the ſeaſon to receive the confirmation of their Faith, by ſipping of Wine out of a Silver Cup, which the Parſons Wife ſets all the year after for a grace on the Cupboard, and frequently ſerves for a Brandy-taſter. If for nothing elſe, but for their taking the Sacrament, you may know they are no Heathens.

The Hearth is placed in the middle of the houſe, and their Fuel is made of Earth and Cow-dung dryed in the Sun; the Smoke goes through no particular place, but breaks through every part between the Rods or Wattles of which they make their Doors, ſides, and Roof of the houſe, which commonly is no bigger than an overgrown Pig-ſtye; to which they have two Doors, one alwayes ſhut on that ſide where the wind blows; from whence I believe it is, that they brag they have the quickeſt Arcnitects in all the world, becauſe they can build a houſe in a day.

The houſes ſeem to mourn for the ſterility of the Countrey, being hung all in black, occaſioned by the Smoke; and but look up, you may ſee the oyle of Smoke naturally extracted, beyond the Art of Chymiſtry

Chymiſtry, hanging on the Rods; which if it chance to fall upon your Cloaths, I'll warrant you are marked for a black Sheep, nor ſhall the art of man remove the ſtain.

They delight not in variety of Rooms, hating Three Stories, as a Zealot does the Triple-Crown; and that they may have all their Family about them incloſed in one Room, the Good-man and his Wife have their Bed raiſed up about half as high as the Roof, which is the Teaſter to their Bed, made of Straw or Ruſhes, according to cold or warmer weather. The Sheets are the Womans Smock, which (if ſhe be a good Houſewife) ſhall contain her ſmaller Children on the one ſide, and her Husband on the other, when cloſed up; and he peeping out at her boſom, you would take it to be an Hermaphroditical Monſter, big with Child, and ready to be delivered.

They get into this Bed by a ſtone or two ſet by the ſide: the Man and Wife lie at one end, and what Children they have (Boyes and Girles) lie at the other, their feet meeting all together *higgle-de-piggle-dee*. The reſt of the Family they diſpoſe of thus: a Goat or an Ewe they tye to the Beds-feet; over their heads Rooſt their Cocks and Hens, and now and then ſhew the nature of their name, foul the foul faces of their Maſter and Dame; this Dung likewiſe ſerves inſtead of Soap when they have occaſion to waſh, which is but ſeldom, having nothing beſides their Cloaths to wear, but a Neck-cloth, and a Flannel Smock. Their

Their general Food is a thin Oat-cake, which they bake upon a broad flat ſtone made hot, a little Sheeps-milk Cheeſe, or Goats-milk, boyl'd Leeks, and ſome Roots; but ſeldom eat fleſh, or drink ſtrong Beer, but at Fairs, and Publick Solemnities: and then it is pity, for at any time Small-beer will ſet their Heads afloat, and their Tongues into a perpetual motion, talk of nothing but Pedigrees, grow quarreliſom, fight with their own Heels, and may be loſe their ſtockings and ſhooes before they get home, which elſe might laſt them an Age, in regard they never wear them, but carry them on their backs, going bare-foot, till they come near a Market-Town, where Men and Women alike, with an inch-Pipe filled with Pigs-tail, or Mundungus Tobacco, and a great Turf of fire to light it, ſit down on the ground, and put on their Stockings and Shooes to go in, and at their return, at the ſame place, pull them off again; being more afraid to ſcratch their Shooes, than cut their Feet and Toes: whoſe skin is ſo hardned, that Men, Women and Children, in the midſt of Winter, go Bare-foot on ſharp Stones, pieces of Ice, edge or ſide, all alike to them; for which reaſon there are few Shooemakers in the Countrey, becauſe commonly their Shooes laſt them an Age.

At other times, their Drink is either three parts Water, and a fourth Milk, which they call *Glaſtor*, or a handful of Crabs bruiſed and laid aſoak in a Bowl-full of running Water, for two or three hours.

They have another ſort of Drink called *Whigg*, which is a kind of a ſour Whey. Likewiſe they have a Drink call'd *Sicken-pen-ſon*, cold water poured on the Grains.

The People are naturally inclin'd to Pride; and to ſhew the Antiquity of their Family, ſome of them derive themſelves the immediate and next of kinde to *Adam*.

It is a thouſand pities the People are ſo ſloathful, being given to no manner of Induſtry, Husbandry, or any other uſeful improvement; which partly occaſions the barrenneſs of the Countrey ſo much to appear, that otherwiſe by active ſpirits might eaſily evince the contrary: for though they have many Hills, Mountains, and Boggs, yet have they matchleſs rich Vallies.

It may be conjectured their ſloathfulneſs may in part be occaſioned by their ignorance; ſome of the indifferent ſort being brought up to read, and by the pretence of Gentility, ſcorning a Trade, never heed the farther improvement of their Fortunes, or underſtandings, till the Father dyes, and the Elder Brother poſſeſs the Eſtate.

They are a People generally envious, eſpecially of the riſe of their Neighbours; naturally pragmatical, and inquiſitive after others affairs, and alwayes blabbing, and telling Tales; and ſo litigious, that they are ready to go to Law, if they ſee their Neighbours Horſe put his head over their Hedge, or his Gooſe at their Barns-door.

The

The Women are infected with the like quarrelsom humour. I have seen two Women about some trivial matter, fall together by the ears; the Men took each others part, one Neighbour seconded one, and the next another; till they had engaged two thirds of the Town in the quarrel, and none of them knew for what they fought, or how the fray began; and to be revenged the more of one another, they sent the next opportunity for process in Battery, Trespass, Scandal, and I know not what: and then to Law they went (for they love it above any thing) when they had spent their money, they were forced to put it to a Reference, and then are at another charge in Treating the Arbitrators, and their Friends; who having feasted themselves, leave the business as they found it: And yet this great charge and trouble will not dissuade them from following these litigious courses, but are never at quiet, but when they have some suit or other depending: their Lawyers taking notice of the temper of the People, promote the differences, in humouring their fancies; by which means, they continually drain their pocket, and this is one great cause of their general poverty.

The Commonalty are extremely awed by their Superiours; in such sort, a Tenant fears as much to speak against a Lord of the Mannor, or their next powerful Neighbour, as wiser men would dread to speak Treason against a Prince, under whose Allegiance he lives, and hath sworn to. And I have

heard ſay, that ſome of them will ſwear and forſwear any thing, that may tend to the benefit of that Landlord from whom he hath any dependance, and think it no great crime.

Many notorious Vices are among them, which they look upon to be things of another complexion; and this I believe proceeds from their ignorance in Religion: and that ignorance is occaſioned by their Superiours, who in theſe latter years, have ingroſt to themſelves all Church-lands, and allowance for the Clergy. In ſeveral places it is ſo ſmall, that ſix ſuch portions will ſcarcely keep a ſingle man alive.

I knew one that had to the value of but Eighteen ſhillings Engliſh money *per Annum*, to officiate in *Divine Service* on the Sabbath day; and therefore all the reſt of the Week he was forc'd to Thatch, Threſh, or wrought otherwayes for Three pence a day.

The next thing we ſhall Treat of, is the particular parts of Worſhip in their Religion:

And firſt for Baptiſm, they generally do carry the Child to the Church, as ſoon as born, if the Church be near, where at the Font the Child is named by the Godfathers and Godmothers, with a ſhort Ceremony; all whoſe Chriſtian names, with the Parents, are conjoyned, which if wrote at length, would blot more paper than the Titles of the *Grand Seignior*.

The

The Women are of a very ſtrong conſtitution, the midling ſort hardly keeping their Beds three dayes at a lying in; and the fourth day will give no quarter to the groaning Ale, fight the fifth, and it may be go to Church the ſixth, with the mark of the Lord of *Northumberland*'s Arms under the Callicoe Hood, which they wear for a Kerchief.

Their Marriages are made like bargains of old, like a Pig in a poke unſeen; for the Parents meet over a Cup of nappy Ale, where making ſome bargain for Wheat, Oats, or any other neceſſary thing they want, at laſt ſtrike up a match between their Son and Daughter: this ſerves inſtead of wooing, by which means the firſt meeting is ſeldom till the Man comes to fetch the Woman to Church, attended with a Rabble of all the Relations, who muſt out of pure love not be ſober that whole Week, and then the next Sunday attend them to Church again; and there ends the Ceremony.

They have no ſcruples in their Marriages (as I could hear of) for the neareſt of Kin often intermarries with the other, one man frequently marrying two Siſters, *&c.*

Their Burials retain ſomething of the Relicts of Popiſh Ceremony: for next Night after the deceaſe of the perſon, every Friend, Neighbour and Relation comes to his Houſe, and brings each a Candle, and a Gun of Ale, where this jovial Crew light up their Lights, making a good Fire, and then drink

remem-

remembrances of the dead, till ſome of them loſe their own, and for want of Feet ſtand in need as much of Bearers home, as the Corps to the Grave.

When the time comes to carry it out, which is within three or four dayes after the deceaſe of the perſon, the Prieſt in his Surplice walks before the Gueſts, round the Corps, all confuſedly, and the Corps in the middle: being near the Church, the Men put off their Hats, and then Men and Women ſet up together ſuch a hideous cry, that I can reſemble it to nothing more proper, than to that, drowning Men make when the Ship is ſinking: This they continue till they come to the Church, where the Prieſt in his own Language reads a little Service.

And here obſerve the policy of the Prieſt: for having no certain Fee allowed for Burials, but by cuſtom receives the free-will-offering of the next of Kin, and Friends to the deceaſed; he will be ſure, for fear he loſe any of the Gueſts, to ſtop in the midſt of the Service, and leaving his Book open, ſtands with his face directly againſt the Corps; by which dumb ſigns, the People knowing his mind, they make their offering. The firſt of Kin goes to the Communion-Table, and throws down his Benevolence, perhaps a Six-pence, if he be a Brother, or ſo near a Relation. The reſt by Pence, or Two-pence, do ſo increaſe the Parſons ſtock, that it may amount to Three or four ſhillings. After this,

this he goes on merrily with the remaining part of the Divine Service; and having finiſht it, away to the Ale-houſe, where he is ſure to have his charge born for that day.

Another ſtrange paſſage they have at their Burials, which I had almoſt omitted; that is, they firſt give wheaten Loaves to the Poor, and as the Corps ſtands at the door on a Bier, the next of Kin to the deceaſed, taketh a new wooden Bowl (never uſed) filled with the beſt Liquor they have, and half a dozen wheaten Loaves, with a good piece of Cheeſe, and gives it croſs the Corps to any whom he fancies to be the pooreſt Beggar; who receives the ſame, and immediately drinks the Liquor, with a bleſſing to the Soul departed. Deſiring to be ſatisfied concerning the meaning of that ſtrange Ceremony, they anſwered, That the Souls of the deceaſed in their Rambles in the *Elizium*, do meet with a ſweet-taſting pleaſant Fountain, of which each Soul doth drink his Bowl; and if that Ceremony were not performed at the Burial of the Deceaſed, they think that Soul would want thoſe Neceſſaries in its ſuppoſed Ramble thither.

Their Sunday is the moſt leiſure-day they have, on which they uſe all manner of Sports; in every Field a Fiddle, and the Laſſes footing it till they are all of a foam, and grow infinitely proud with the blear-eye of affection her Sweet-heart caſts on her Feet, as ſhe dances, to a Tune, and no Tune, play'd

play'd on an Inſtrument that makes a worſer noiſe than a Key upon a Gridiron.

Their greateſt Zeal, is in keeping Sacred ſome old Sayings of their great Grandſires, and preſerving Sacred ſome old Relict of their Grandmothers; in both of which they are ſo ſtrict, that for the firſt, if they hear one whiſtle in the Night, they are afraid, and will avoid you; becauſe, ſay they, our Anceſtors told us, that ſuch as whiſtle in the Night, convers'd with the Devil, and call thoſe Spirits in the Air together, by ſuch ſound, to confer with them.

The Relicts of their Grandmothers are as ſevere; for if ſhe leave but an old Chair, a wooden Spoon, or any other trifle to them, they will preſerve it Sacred, fearing to prejudice it in the leaſt; ſhould any ſuch thing accidentally happen, they would abſolutely conclude it did preſage ſome harm enſuing.

They are great Lovers of Women, eſpecially ſuch of their own Countrey; and ſo unſenſible of the guilt, that they glory in the crime, and brag of their ſpurious iſſue.

A Gentleman of good Note, whom I knew, had ſo many, that he knew them not when he ſaw them: ſeveral ſtrange Women whom he knew not, taking notice of this advantage, did frequently ſend their Children to him, who to be rid of them quickly, gave them his formal bleſſing, with ſome ſmall piece of money.

I have

I have heard of two other Gentlemen as libidinous as the former, the Uncle and Nephew; the latter of which living in the Metropolis of *Montecapernia*, had a very handsom Maid to his servant; yet although he had an incomparable Beauty to his Wife, nothing would serve his turn but the enjoyment of his Maid-servant: few persuasions were required to induce her to that which her own inclinations led her to; so that in a little time she was wholly at her Masters devotion.

Not long after, she prov'd with Child; and that he might not incur the displeasure of his virtuous Wife (not that he fear'd the blemishing of his Reputation for having a Bastard) he sent her whil'st she was young with Child to his Uncle, that there she might privately Lie in, and no notice be taken.

The Uncle receiv'd her, and became his Nephews Confident in his stoll'n Amours, without reproving him for his wantonness. Now, as one kindness deserves another; so the Uncle having gotten this same Woman with Child a little time after her delivery, and sending her to his Nephew to Lie in, the Nephew could do no less than receive her; and did so, concealing the ignominy of his Uncle as much as in him lay. Such was their success in not being discovered (the Wenches mouth being stopt with money) that the Nephew fell to work again with her as soon as she had delivered her loading;

and getting her with Child, ſent her back to H
Uncle: And thus they ſent her as a Token one
the other, till they had got ſix Children betwe
them; and had ſhe not dy'd a little after ſhe w
quick of the ſeventh, there might have been a g
neration between them as long as the firſt Chapt
of *Matthew*.

More might be ſaid *in laudem & vituperium*,
the praiſe and diſpraiſe of *Montecapernia*; but n
ſtay being there but a very little, I wanted both i
formation, and further obſervation.

FINIS.

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